

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 53.—VOL. XVI

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15 1864.

NO. 531.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

(By Miss Younes.)

[CONCLUDED.]

MADAME d'Albina sunk on her knees at the feet of her aged father. The young Sophie followed her; and, from natural timidity, hid herself at the back of her aunt. But Catharine had not forgotten her beloved child; for having returned the embrace of monsieur de Vassy, she hastily rose, and put the agitated Sophie in the arms of her grandpère. The count imparted countless kisses on her cheek; drops of heavenly tenderness fell from her eyes, the feeble tones of his voice trembled, as well as his whole frame, with a thousand contending emotions.

"My child!—my child!" he could only utter. "My second Orangina! forgive your repentant grandpère."

"Indeed—indeed I love you too well to withhold my pardon," replied the charming girl, returning his embraces with redoubled transport.

Godolphin d'Avencoux now came forward, entreating to be admitted a partaker of their mutual congratulations; and monsieur de Vassy joining their hands, addressed them as follows:—

"My children, you mutually share my love; my wealth shall be equitably divided between you; indeed, Sophie can agree with Godolphin by allowing no separation: if so, then I shall be more than blessed; and who so worthy of possessing so much beauty as the brave Godolphin!

The chevalier appeared nearly giddy with the transporting idea; and Sophie—the beautiful Sophie!—could not dissemble her delight. As for Catharine she was never so happy, and the countess and Adolphe appeared nearly wild with joy.

Monsieur d'Avencoux and Sophie were shortly after united; and the count de Vassy, and his daughter Catharine, in contemplating their heavenly harmony, gazed through the remainder of "this valley of sighs and tears" in undiminished happiness.

THE OLD MAID;

A WEAVER TALE.

(By Miss Eliza Younes.)

THE dark mantle of night had spread itself over the valley of—, in the Island of Angkava; the hills, the lofty trees, were robed in the brown shade; the plover's bent his eager steps, weary with the toil of day, followed by his faithful mate, the partaker of his lowly fortune, who had adhered to him from his earliest days. The solitude of the place was calculated to inspire religious awe; for night broke in upon the silence that reigned, except the faint notes of a female voice who was tuning a hymn to her heavenly Maker. The sound proceeded from a little cottage situated near a deep grove, the trees of which nearly concealed the neat white brick dwelling from the eye. The jasmine and honey-suckles spread their tender branches

over the upper windows, and a row of flower-pots lined the lower; to it belonged a small track of land fertile in grass and corn. Here the ewe and the innocent lamb were to be seen playing their innocent gambols; and there, further on, the gentle cow, with her milk-white calf. Happy scenes of rural sweets! the eye receives more gratification while resting on ye, than it possibly can do gazing on works clothed in a less simple garb. The last note of the hymn had just died away when a young woman rushed into the cottage, and flung herself at the feet of its owner.

"I am come to ask your consent, dearest lady," she cried, "to my union with William Stewart."

"Kiss, my Philippa; you have it," replied she.

"Thank you, beloved Marianne," said Philippa, kissing her hand, "for this kind condescension. You who are against marriage yourself who are resolved to live single all your life, yet consent for your adopted daughter to war against your system."

"I have no right to withhold my approbation, Philippa," replied Marianne; "your father and mother are still living; although you think me alone your father, mother, and all. To me you are so; for when I took you, an infant, to this house and my bosom, did not I vow to live for you—to devote my days to your improvement? I reared your tender days. With what tenderness I doted on you none can tell; with what delight I beheld your daily improvement none can conceive. Oh, Philippa! must I then be parted from you? Must you leave me for Stewart? But why do I repine? Is he not more worthy your love than I am? Is he not better calculated to guard your future days? Oh, yes! then be it so. Never shall one more repining expression escape my lips."

"Oh, no; I will never leave you!" cried Philippa. "My Stewart will suffer me to attend you all your days. Here, then, will he and I take up our abode, if you, Marianne, will suffer us."

"Kind girl!" said Marianne, embracing her, "you have anticipated my wishes. Here, then, shall I view you still more happy than you have ever been: the pleasure of love shall animate your countenance, and light up the expression of your eyes. Young William, too, will be the caliver of our evening hours, and the assiduous lover of my Philippa; the assiduous lover! Ah, let me not think of his love; for are not some men false? and so he may prove! Philippa, beware."

The agitation Marianne evinced, the impressive tone of her voice at the last two words, greatly surprised her young auditor; who in a trembling voice, replied:—

"Spare, not!—he cannot be untrue! Why dearest madam, should we judge him by another's misdeeds?"

"I had forgotten myself," said Marianne, recovering her composure. "I did not recollect my lover had a particular reason for his conduct."

Ah, Philippa, I speak in enigmas to you! Hear my story and pity me."

She began as follows:—

"I was the only daughter of the most tender of parents, whose hopes were placed on me. To

the utmost of their power they induced me every wish, nor ever repined at the overbearing discipline I daily more evinced, although the whole house had complained of it, and from the highest to the lowest I was hated by them. I was nearly sixteen when I first became acquainted with Lord Francis Ledger, an English nobleman, who instantly professed a violent attachment for the little Welsh girl. Lord Francis was very young; his person was elegant, his manners were extremely prepossessing, and his disposition was very amiable. I must confess his attentions were flattering to me. I prided myself on the conquest I had made, and secretly determined to rivet his chains more closely by every power I could command. Ah! why was I so cruelly severe? I now shudder to review my giddy conduct, and the pang it gave to my indulgent parents. In return, Lord Francis, flattered by seeming affection, ventured to disclose to me his passion. After hesitating him to an end, I flung away the mask, I had hitherto worn; and, frowning on him, declared that his addresses could never be acceptable to me; telling him that he had mistaken my conduct and that I never intended to be any thing more to him than a friend. At this declaration he started; the blood flushed his cheeks, and he exclaimed—'Oh fatal mistake! How have I drunk the delicious poison from your consenting eyes, until my whole soul has yielded in excess of love, and I have ventured to aspire to the supreme delight of calling you mine! Ah, wretched Ledger! how have you dreamed! This plan Marianne never loved you; but the smiles she bestowed on you were the smiles she cast on every one else!'

"For the first time, I felt my heart beat with compassion. For him, I believe my eyes expressed the sensation I felt; for his were instantly animated as in a tone of pleasure, and he cried—

"By heavens! you do pity me, and this beam of compassion repays me for all the pangs I have experienced for the last few moments."

But, snatching my hand from his tender grasp, I repulsed him a second time, and left him abandoned to despair. Philippa, you must condemn this conduct. I knew it was wrong, and bitter tears have many times since shed at the recollection of that period of my life. From that hour I never met Lord Francis, as he left Wales and returned to England. No doubt you must think my parents were surprised at his sudden flight; indeed they were, and my mother took an early opportunity of inquiring of me concerning it. But I did not choose to disclose the truth, therefore returned evasive answers to all her anxious inquiries.

"For some months I heard nothing of Lord Francis. In the interim my tender mother died; and, while I was yet in my weeds I received the news of poor Le ger's death. From that hour my conduct underwent a total change: I was no longer proud and tyrannical, but humble and condescending. No longer hated, I became loved and revered. The hand which had once turned aside the weeping children of poverty was now stretched out to relieve their distresses. These eyes, which had often turned

with sickening disgust from the sight of pale disease and rage were now employed to trace out such wretched objects. The tongue which had scoffed at their sufferings was now used to soothe the distressed, and my bosom was now the cradle for the head of sickness. Sweet were the sensations I experienced from these acts of charity; and, while clasped to my aged parent's grateful heart, after resting to him the wretched scenes I had witnessed and softened, I felt what it was to be virtuous.

(To be Continued in our next.)

A MORNING'S WALK IN DECEMBER.

"Now snows descend, and robe the fields
"In Winter's bright array."

HARVEY.

"The morn, slow rising, o'er the drooping world
"Lifts its pale eye joyous."

THOMPSON.

"For wind and rain beat dark December."

SHAKESPEARE.

THIS morn when I awoke, I found Nature covered with a snowy mantle. Though the heavy shower still continued to descend, I walked amid the glittering scene; not to view the daisy embroidered mead, nor pinn enamelled with gold-cups; nor to inhale the violet-scented breeze, nor to hearken to congregated nightingales; but to contemplate the rightful appearance of Creation, despoiled of all that was beautiful, by the savage strokes of despotic Winter.

Equipped in a thick great coat, I bade defiance to

"the pelting of the pitiless storm."

My figure was rather grotesque; and had a painter seen me, he might have thought me no bad emblematical representation of that season which was the subject of my contemplations.

Though all around appeared grateful to the eye, yet Hope suggested some pleasing ideas.

The closing year solemnly reminds me that another annual period of my short life has rolled down the stream of time to the ocean of eternity. Still my little skill is buffeting the waves, white vessels of ampler dimensions and prouder magnitude are whelmed beneath the tide. Still I breathe the vital air, and "drink the golden day," while the celebrated Cowper and the amiable Beattie "repose in a dull cold marble." With me the flowery Spring of human life is flown, the Summer is commenced; soon, if Heaven permits, the Autumn and Winter of age will arrive; that dreary Winter that knows no succeeding Spring.

BOUNTY AND LIBERALITY.

ALPHONSUS, King of Sicily, always wore very rich rings upon his fingers; and, when he washed, that he might not diminish the stones used to put them into the hands of his servant that stood nearest to him. His Majesty once gave them to one that, supposing the king had forgot them, employed them to his own benefit. The king took no notice of it, but put on other rings; and going another day to wash his hands, he that had not restored the former, put forth his hand to receive those he was pulling off; but Alphonsus, putting his hand back, said to him very softly, "I will give thee these rings to keep when thou restorest them I formerly entrusted thee with, and proceeded no further against him for his deceit.

For the NEW YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Some 17 or 20 years ago, Miss Diana—of this city, being up the North River on a visit, received an invitation to dine at a friend's house; the gentleman had not long before left the army, on his marriage with a beautiful young lady; with a man of some fancy and a lively imagination, wrote promptly in behalf of himself and his wife, the following invitation, which I am informed exactly included the bill of fare.

"THE pray'rs of thy Votress. O Goddess Diana
"To no matter whether an Hecaton or Banna,
"Are thine country's, to summon your Grace
"To take with your friends, at our table, a place.

"On Wednesday, at three, the amon't will arise
"From Pig, ston and Turkey, roast Chickens
"and Lard;

"The table shall roar with good humor and love,
"To prove a celestial is there from above.
"At the porch of thy Temple, libations we'll pour,
"And crown all thy nymphs with some delicate flower;
"As thou propitious, and come at the hour.

MARS & VENUS.

"Our names, but coming thou'lt fully
"To earth, we were summoned V—n—r & Dolly."

To Miss—

Monday Morning.

This little far de esprit, was shown to a few friends, and spoken of in the neighborhood, 'till at length, it was seen by a gentleman who assumed great gravity, and always wore the look of wisdom, but whose wife was suspected of wearing the inexpressible, and was known to have her full share of tongue. He, one day standing in the street, with a party of gentlemen, observed the writer of the invitation coming towards them. "Be still," said he, "and I'll give Mars a shot," all was silence accordingly; poor Mars, supposing the party engaged in a private conversation, was about to pass a little on one side. The shooting gentleman took off his hat with great deliberation and making a low bow, saluted him with "How do Mr. Mars I hope Venus is well; The other instantly gave his hat, and passing on replied. "Very well thank you Socrates; flow is it with Xantippe?" The full force of the reply was felt, and a loud laugh raised by the rest of the company, sent poor Socrates sneaking off in great confusion.

LINES.

Copied from a Board over the Door of John Grove, of White-Waltham, Berks.

JOHN GROVE, grocer, and dealer in tea,
Sells the finest of conques and best of lobes;
A dealer in copice, a meat'er of land,
Sells the finest of snuff, and the finest white sand;
A singer of psalms, and a scriber of money,
Collects the land-tax, and sells fine virgin honey;
A rugman, a carrier, a baker of bread,
And a clerk to the living as well as the dead;
Votary clerk, constable, sells measures and knives,
Best Virginia, and buckles, collects the small tides;
Is a treasurer to clubs, and maker of walls,
He mends men's estates, and tends Anderson's pills,
Woolen-draper and hatter, sells all sorts of shoes,
With the best earthen-ware, also, takes in the news;
Deals in hardies and eggs, sells the best of small-beer,
The finest sea-coal, and selected o'craser,
Surveyor depute, sells fine writing paper,
Has a code for the country, and's a linen-draper;
A dealer in cheese, and the best Hampshire bacon,
Plays the fiddle diversely if I'm not mistaken.

SKETCH OF A MOMENTARY SCENE FROM NATURE.

CALLING the other day to see a friend, found, that during my absence, he had been made happy by the birth of a son, the first child with which his lovely partner had blessed him;—With an honest ardor he insisted on introducing me to the apartment of his wife. The laws of custom gave way to the claims of friendship, and I attended him.—With penance and down-cast eye the tender mother smiling upon the babe; her cheek had but not wou'd dye; but upon seeing me it was tinged with a momentary flush—what interesting news!—A most enchanting languor hung upon her frame; the tear of tenderness shone in her eye, while still she smiled on her babe;—The father entered the room he stole a glance towards his treasure, he thought himself unnoticed—it was the look of love and tenderness ineffable—it was all the feeling mind can possibly conceive;—She chid him for bringing me to witness her situation—it was the chiding of love; he answered with a kiss—Imagination brought this scene home to me; I bethought that purest of pleasures which proceeds from seeing others happy; but when Anna's image (which is always with me) was viewed in the light; I was lost, and e'er I was aware, I found the most generous tear that flowed from the source of sympathy trickling down my cheek.

Such is the inexpressible pleasure which a sympathetic mind derives from virtuous love.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ON a tablet hanging up in the Church of Allhallows Barking, Tower-street, it is thus written:

"This church was much defaced and ruined by a lamentable blow of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder, that took fire on the first of January, 1619, in a ship chandler's house, over against the south side of the church, and afterwards was repaired and beautified again by a voluntary contribution of the parishioners." The accounts given of this disaster are as follows:

"One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler's, who, on the fourth of January aforesaid, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses therabouts, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could not be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house always full of company and that time of night, and that day the parish dinner was at the house; and in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, legs, &c. miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, with not near so much as their clothes scorched. In this accident there were two things very remarkable; the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern was found sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar-side, with a put in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across upon another.

"Also the next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church, a young child lying in a cradle, neither child nor cradle having any sign of the least fire or any hurt. It was never known who the child was, so that one of the parishioners kept it for a memorial.—"And in the year 1777," says Mr. Stow, "I saw the child then grown up to a proper maiden, and came to the men that had kept her all that time, when he was drinking at a tavern, and he asserted the above to be true."

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY Braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on thee I met my lover;
Thy Braes now dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waters his body cover!

Forever mine, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding ring—
The wedding day was fixed to-morrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!

Scarcely was he gone, I saw his ghost!
It wail'd with a shriek of sorrow—
Thrice did the water wail* around,
And give a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

His mother from the wind our look'd
With all the longings of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd,
The green-wood path to meet her brother;

They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother,
No longer we'll, thou lonely maid!
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.

No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He felt a lifeless corpse at Yarrow.

* The water-fairies sometimes called the Keipie.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1861.

Forty-four Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 8th inst.

Births in this city, for the month of November, 1861—Males, 123—Females, 148—Total 276.

The number of Deaths during the same period was—Men, 51—Boys, 43—Women, 46, Girls, 47—Total, 192. Excess of Births, 84.

Capt. Merry, of this city, who arrived on Wednesday from Philadelphia informs, that on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, a note was inserted on the Coffee-House books at Philadelphia, stating, that two British frigates had fallen in with two Spanish frigates, and a sloop of war, bound from some port of South America for Cadix, one of the frigates having on board Two Millions of Dollars—that an engagement ensued; that during which the frigate having the specie on board blew up; and that the other frigate and the sloop of war were captured by the British; This news was received by a vessel said to be below.

The ship America, of Boston, while loading at Cape Ann, with coffee and sugar, took fire, was burnt to the water's edge, from a candle having been left in her hold. The property destroyed is estimated at 20,000 dollars.

A STRIKING OCCURRENCE.

Last Saturday morning, a Mr. W—, of this city arose before his wife, and had breakfast prepared, and even tea poured out ready for drinking against she came down. Just as they were seated, a rap called him to the door; While he was there, happening to taste her tea, she found it too sweet for her, and therefore exchanged her cup for his, he being in the habit of drinking his tea sweeter than she was. He returned, swallowed the contents of his cup somewhat hastily, when looking earnestly at the sediment, he turned to her with a face of horror, and asked if she had changed the cup; being answered in the affirmative. Then I am gone, said he, and died in less than two hours.

LONDON, July 16.

About one o'clock on Sunday morning last, Mr. Black of Luncashire, an eminent woollen manufacturer, came to the White-Horse, in Fetter-lane, in the Manchester coach, where he supped in company with some other gentlemen. A short time after supper he seemed fatigued, and expressed a wish to retire. He had not remained long in his bed room before the chamber-maid heard an uncommon noise, which so much alarmed her that she communicated her fears to the hostler, who thought that at the time undeserving of notice, but the same noise being repeated and no answer given to a loud knocking at the door, it induced the hostler, and some others present, to force their way into the bed-room, when they found the unfortunate gentleman lying bleeding on the floor, with a pen-knife near him, with which he had cut his throat in a most shocking manner. He was just able to speak, and attributed the circumstance to the loss of a law-suit; but added, that although he had made up his mind to the deed, it was not his intention to have perpetrated the act there. Mr. Andree, of Hatton-garden, was called in to his assistance, and every necessary attendance given, but he died a few hours afterwards. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, the following day and brought in a verdict of—"Lunacy."

On Thursday the coroner's jury sat on the body of an unfortunate woman who threw herself out of the window of her lodgings, in Greek Street, to avoid the bailiffs, who were about to arrest her, and brought in their verdict "accidental death." It appeared that the deceased, on hearing the officers on the stairs, had imagined she could drop from her back window into the yard, without hurting herself, and by that means make her escape. Accordingly she put herself out of the window, still holding by the frame-work, when, it is supposed, when she recollected she must fall into an area behind the house—which was much below the yard, and therefore endeavored to get back, screaming all the while to a most piteous way, till her strength being exhausted, she fell down and received two violent blows the one on the back part of her head, and the other on her temple, which occasioned instant death.

She had not a limb broken in the fall; and, but for the blows alluded to, she would most probably have escaped her pursuers. She was an elderly woman, and has left a girl of fourteen years old totally destitute of support. Every means were used to save her, but the efforts proved ineffectual.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE
ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"WEDLOCK! thou dear, delicious state,
To thee 'I ever kneel;
In thy bliss'd chains no fault debate,
On love's sweet hours can waste."

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. John Abbel, Mr. John B. V. Varick, merchant, to Miss Maria Remsen, daughter of John Remsen, Esq. all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Henry Hazen, merchant, to Miss Eliza Webster, daughter of Mr. John Webster, all of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Vredenburg, Mr. Laurence F. DeForest, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jane Davis, of Millston, New-Jersey.

At Newark, on the 15th ult. George Nelson, Esq. (related to the Hero of the Nile, the illustrious Duke of Bront), to Miss Eliza Smith.

MORTALITY.

TIME brushes off our lives with no sweeping wing.

DIED.

On Monday morning last, of an apoplectic fit, Wm. ALEXANDER, Esq. a gentleman well versed in law, and highly respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.

At Boston, on the 6th inst. very suddenly and deathly regretted, the Right Rev. Samuel Parker, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, in the 60th year of his age.

A few days since, JANE LE FORTE VINE, aged 102, a native of France, but has resided in this country upwards of fifty years.

On Sunday next the 16th inst. at half past two o'clock in the afternoon a Chariot Sermon will be preached at the Methodist Church in Second-street, at the Bowers, provided the weather is favorable, when a collection will be made for the benefit of their Free School.—A Hymn will also be sung by the scholars, adapted to the occasion.

The school lately consisted of thirty children, male and female, since which an addition of five more has been admitted, making altogether thirty-five nearly the whole of which are widow and orphan children, who are taught in the principles of Christian religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and book keeping, and are furnished with house room, books, &c. and also with one suit of clothes every year.

CHRISTMAS PIECES;

Just received a very elegant assortment, colored and plain, by the Grocer, Dozen or single one; For Sale at this Office.

For Sale at this Office; No. 3 Peck-Slip,

Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

THE POET.

WHO'S the true poet?—Is it he
That makes a mountain of a grain—
That swells a lake into a sea,
Or bids a mill become a plain?

Or he that fills a realm with fire,
And drives a host of warriors through;
And tears them, while their foes retire,
Thro' whirlwinds, hail and flames pursue?

Or he that soars on fancy's wings,
And trims in heaven's angelic war;
And angels on archangels bring,
To drive the trait'rous legion far?

Is it not he that seeks for truth—
That teaches men "themselves" to know—
Strives to persuade the thoughtless youth
In wisdom's peaceful paths to go?

Tis POPE I sing, the happy bard,
The Honour of the British Isle;
He that demands our first regard—
Who teaches truth in plainest style:

And pious WATTS, who tunes his lyre
To sing the GREAT ETHERNAL's praise;
And fill'd with pure seraphic fire,
Pours forth his soul in heavenly lays.

RUDOLPHUS AUSTRIACUS, Earl of Hapsburg, being a hunting on a rainy day, he saw a priest wet and dirty, carrying the sacrament on foot to a sick and languishing person, the Earl was charged at this unexpected sight, and, dismounting from his horse in devotion of spirit, said, "What? Shall I ride on horseback at my ease, while he that has the honor to carry my Saviour trudge through dirt and mire, wet and weary on foot; it must not, shall not be!" and thereupon enjoined the priest to mount his horse; and the priest in obedience to the Earl's command, obeyed.

The Karl to signify his reverence to the host, followed it bareheaded, and on foot through the rain to the sick man's house, and in the same humble posture accompanied the priest back to his. The priest, amazed at the unusual humility of so great a person, gave him his blessing when he took his leave, and as in an extraordinary manner inspired by the celestial powers, foretold, "That the Imperial Crown should be enjoyed by him and his posterity, who now, in spite of Turk and French, have possessed it for many years, according to that prediction."

TICE's improved **Wing Liquid** blocking for boots and shoes and all leathers that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never cracks, never cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful as the fall, and never fails. Black Morocco that has lost its luster is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and by examination. By J. Tice at his residence No. 125 West Williams Street, and by G. Camp No. 123 First Street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the discharges on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they

J. Tien has likewise for sale, a general assortment of
Perfumery of the best quality. PRC. 12.

ABILITIES.

IN learning the useful Part of every profession very modest abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessor than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race; but the amusing still improves, by observing that the most swiftest are ever the least manageable.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know ; and this (whatever the profession, may tell you in the conference) is soon learned.

Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the cause committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, kindly recommends the liberal encouragement he employs to him, in the case of his business, and assures him that he will at the close of his sojourn contribute to equalize the studies of his Pupils, by giving extra grants of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote the general diffusion of knowledge among the subjects, especially if they appear as his employees and the public in general, that he purposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October, next. And conscious of having religiously discharged his duty in those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he waters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He consents in word to give passage to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Ocean materially improve the land in writing for a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Banker-Street.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from DECEMBER, to No. 13 PARK, near the TEMPLE. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. HE IS ARTIFICIAL TEETH MANUFACTURER, upon such principles that they are not merely artificial, but possess the beneficial properties of nature, and are so constructed, that they are not discoloured from the impregnation that they are exposed to. His method also of CLARIFYING the TEETH, generally approved, and allowed to add every additional elegance to the finish of, without incurring the slightest pain or injury to the enamel. In the most RARE FOOT-ACRE, HIS TINCTURE has rarely produced a benefit, but if the DEBRAY is beyond the power of the medicine, his situation in removing CARIOUS TEETH, and the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will call on every Lady, or Gentleman, at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 14, Pall Mall, where may be had his AN INESCRUTIBLE TOOTH POWDER, to concoct and valuable preparation of his own from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably well esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Men reflect both able and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced and assume a firm and natural healthy appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delicious sweetness, and that odiousness or emulsion of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH preserved.

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Aug. 25, 1864. B. S. H.

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